WALKER, THE GREAT FILIBUSTER OF NICARAGUA

American Whose Daring Efforts Will Make His Name Live in History of Central America.

BY CHARLOTTE M. CONGER.

Estrada is finally victorious, has encamped his forces about Managua, the capital city of Nicaragua, installed his brother as President, and sent the former President and his old enemy, Madriz, on the run to the coast. The Estradas will establish a government but how long they will maintain their ascendency is a question, for revolutions are as prolific in Central America as are bananas and one is liable to burst forth at any moment.

The reasons for these revolutions are so many and various, so peculiar and complex that they cannot be even briefly sketched here, but at the bottom of them all is the same product of the soil that inspired the Spanish adventurers to discoveries and conquest, made them wage inhuman wars against the natives and tempts the adventurers and soldiers of fortune of the day to new exploits.

It was in the search for gold to satisfy rapacious sovereigns that Central America was discovered; it is to acquire gold for the rapacious demands of modern civilization that lures the modern adventurer and prompts him to stir up turmoil from which he hopes to benefit. For search the plots of the revolutions in the Spanish-American countries, and a foreign instigator is sure to appear. Some capitalist, or would-be capitalist, who hopes by stirring up domestic discord to benefit by the unsettled state imposed by war or a change in the government. He does not appear, this foreign agitator, but supplies funds and advice and arms. It is said, with what truth only those on the inside know, that all, or nearly all, the revolutions in the Spanish-American republics are planned in New York restaurants.

Sinews of War Supplied.

Back of nearly all of these revolutions is an angel who plants the seeds of revolt, waters them while they grow, and furnishes the arms and ammunition to carry on the war when it begins. There is always an unseen force, a force that cannot be adequately reckoned with, or whose strength cannot be discounted, behind the tangible army. Zelaya had his backer; Madriz and Estrada have had theirs, and Castro—there was a great force behind Castro that is only spoken about in whispers—and these angels are rich men, who find a revolution the surest and quicket way to obtain the concessions they want, which seems a bloodthirsty thing to charge, and yet it can be proven, has been proven.

Not one of the Central American republics but has since they threw off the Spanish yoke in 1821, at one time or another suffered a revolution. At this time the various states south of Mexico to the isthmus formed themselves into a federal republic, after the manner of the United States. This union was dissolved some fifteen years after they entered into it, and, though repeated attempts have been made since then to unite these countries under a central government, none has so far been successful, but in the years since their dissolution the republics of Central America have united in one thing—their hatred of the Yankee colossus, which they fear will one day absorb them—must absorb them—if peace is to reign on this continent. But that is a question for the future; we have to do now with Central America as it is to-day.

Inhabitants of Four Classes.

The republics of this territory are Costa Rica, Nicaragua, Guatemala, Honduras, and San Salvador. Its inhabitants are divided into four classes: Whites, creoles, mattizos, the offspring of whites and Indians, and the aboriginal natives.

In both vegetable and mineral resources this is one of the richest regions in the world. Labor and living are cheap, so that with a little money and great perseverance, large fortunes can be made there, which fact attracts the seekers for wealth from every part of the world and those who acquire business interest, and those who back them come to take an interest in politics, for politics dominate all business, and as a result of these meddling foreigners countless revolutions spring up, revolutions resembling somewhat the cornering of a market with us.

These revolutions attract, of course, soldiers of fortune and other adventurers, so it is a queer and diverse mixture of humanity one finds in Central America, a population so complex and so mixed that patriotism does not thrive there, but is used as a mask for various exploits and enterprizes, and it has been the scene of numerous filibustering expeditions, the most notable of them all being the one to Nicaragua, headed by that strange and picturesque man, Gen. William Walker.

The son of strict Presbyterian parents, slave-holders, and ardent believers in slavery as an institution ordained by God for the betterment of the black and the comfort of the white, young Walker from youth up was deeply religious and, like his parents, a fervent advocate of slavery. His father destined him for the ministry, but he turned to medicine instead, took his degree in this science at the University of Tennessee, which he supplemented by a course at the medical college at Edinburgh, and by visiting all the noted hospitals of Europe.

Seized by Wunderlust.

No young man of his day could have had a better preparation for the practice of medicine; but instead of following the profession he had chosen, he went to New Orleans and began the study of law, which was abandoned as soon as he received his diploma, when he went in for journalism, his first billet being as an editorial writer on the New Orleans Crescent; thence, lured by the gold frenzy in California, he went to San Francisco, where he became editor of the San Francisco Herald.

It will be seen from this brief sketch that Walker was of a roving, restless disposition. No one thing held his attention, held his interest for long; he was, in fact, a born adventurer. It is hardly the exact truth to say that no one thing held his attention for long, since from his boyhood up he had the grim and firm determination to do what he could for the maintenance and advancement of slavery.

This was at the time when the feeling in certain sections of the States against slavery was so determined that it seemed hardly probable that it would be extended. It was proposed, in fact, to prohibit it in the new States that were to be admitted to the Union.

This opposition in his own country to the institution he held sacred determined Walker to acquire in the Western part of the continent a territory where slavery could be planted, and would thrive and flourish. Whatever motives actuated him in his subsequent exploits, the establishment of an empire where slavery could exist, unmolested by sickly sentimentalists, as he thought them, was the purpose that inspired his first filibustering expedition.

Filibuster in Mexico.

This expedition was undertaken against Sonora, a strip of Mexican territory which lies directly south of Arizona, for the ostensible reason of protecting the women and children among the settlers from the outrages of the Apache Indians, and to excuse his project, Walker indulged in some very high-flown English, but whatever the reason, the exploit was in a measure inspired by a similar attempt made by the young French nobleman and soldier of fortune, Count Gaston de Raousset-Boulbon, who went to California with the other "Forty-niners" in search of gold, and ended his life against a brick wall, shot to the heart by his Mexican executors.

Boulbon's idea, which was carried out a little later by the French government with Maximilian as its victim, was to establish a French empire on this continent for the purpose of checking the rapacity of the people of the United States; "for," he wrote, "unless a powerful rival be built up beside her, America will become, through her commerce, her trade, her population, her geographical position upon two oceans, the inevitable mistress of the world. In ten years Europe dare not fire a shot without her permission." But the young Frenchman did not live to see even a part of his prophecy fulfilled, but died before he was thirty, the victim of his own attempts at conquest.

No Desire to Be Freed.

Financed by slave holders in the South, who sympathize with his project, Gen. Walker, in command of forty-five men, invaded the southern extremity of Lower California, and started out to free the inhabitants, who had no desire to be freed, did not know, in fact, that they were in bondage, that he might enslave a people who had no desire to be slaved.

It was a topsy-turvey project, as Richard Harding Davis, in his interesting account of Walker, says of his sophisms, and came to a speedy end.

The redoubtable Walker raided the town of La Paz, imprisoned the governor, made himself president of a free and independent republic, and before he had touched its boundary annexed Sonora and gave to both states the name of the Republic of Sonora, but here he stopped, and, "for lack of re-enforcements," the official account says, was compelled to abandon his dream of conquest, whereupon he surrendered himself to Maj. McKinstry, commandant of the United States fort at San Diego, who sent him to San Francisco, where he was tried and acquitted for violating the neutrality laws.

Becomes President of Nicaragua.

The Sonora expedition was Walker's first exploit, but once having tasted the glories of adventure, he was to follow it to his death. It makes little difference what causes brought about the revolution in Nicaragua, in which the Legitimists and Democrats were ranged against each other—one reason as well as another answers for a revolution in a Central American republic. Suffice it that the redoubtable Walker was invited to aid the Democrats, and, prompted ever by his dream of empire, he joined this camp with his nondescript following of Americans, who were formed into a separate corps under his command, known as La Falange Americana, with which he immediately proceeded to do excellent service, and at the end of a year had himself elected President of the republic he had fought for.

Walker held this office for a year, converting during that time chaos into order and governing the state with a justice and wisdom which had never before marked its government. The only act that blackened his record was the repeal of the decree abolishing slavery, which his one aim was to re-establish. President Walker's downfall came chiefly through his antagonism of the Vanderbilt interests, his seizure of their property, and the revoking of their charter.

The Vanderbilts retorted by laying off their ocean steamers and sending money, men, and munitions of war to aid those opposed to Walker, and their allies, the other Central American republics, who united as one man to exterminate the American. The Vanderbilts were at work, too, in Washington, as well as Central America, and orders were sent from there to Capt. Davis, in command of the U. S. S. St. Marys, at that time cruising on the western coast, to force Walker out of Nicaragua, whereupon Capt. Davis, in the name of humanity, demanded Walker's surrender, and on receiving it sailed with his prisoner for New York.

In view of the light in which slavery is regarded in the United States of today, it is interesting to read the accounts of Walker's reception there in the press of that period. He was treated as a conquering hero. The city was decorated with bunting, flags, and banners. Dinners, banquets, and public meetings were arranged in his honor, and he was greeted with cheers and acclamations wherever he went.

Walker demanded that the United States should recognize and protect him in his rights, and he went to Washington, asking this and protesting against the treatment he had received at the hands of Capt. Davis, but he obtained no satisfaction, and a few weeks saw him on his way back, with money, recruits, and new enthusiasm, to Nicaragua. He had scarcely arrived in that country, however, before he was taken a prisoner by Commodore Paulding, U. S. N., and brought back to the United States. Paulding's course in the matter was not upheld by President Buchanan. Again Walker was free, and again he started for Nicaragua. On this last venture he was captured by the British man-of-war Icarus, commanded by Capt. Salmon, who turned him over to the Honduran forces, acting as allies to the Nicaraguans.

It is said by his historians that had Walker demanded the protection of the British captain as a citizen of the United States, it would have been granted, but when asked if he would appeal as an American his reply was: "The President of Nicaragua is a citizen of Nicaragua." His execution was accordingly ordered, and he was shot. Still living after he fell under the shots of his executors, one of them gave him the coup de grace. And so he died, the brave, intrepid fanatic, a Nicaraguan and a Roman Catholic. His last words were, "I die a Roman Catholic. In making war upon you at the invitation of the people of Ruatan I was wrong. Of your people I ask pardon. I accept my punishment with resignation. I would like to think my death will be for the good of society."

Had Notable Followers.

In Walker's Falange we find many notable names. Joaquin Miller, the poet of the Sierras, was one of these soldiers of fortune, and Capt. Fred Townsend Ward, who subsequently served with Chinese Gordon and led the Ever Victorious Army that put down the Tai-Ping rebellion, was another of those redoubtables, the most remarkable army in many ways that ever fought for a desperate and forlorn cause. No one who fought under Walker but admired him, and, despite his fanaticism, despite his championship of a cause that is hateful to the civilization of the day, no one who has read the testimony of those who served under him but admires and respects the "Gray-eyed Man of Destiny," who neither gambled, drank, nor swore, who respected all women and punished those who treated them with disrespect, who was as honest as the day, and whose belief in himself and his mission remained unshaken until the end.

Central America does not share this admiration for her old foe, and how he is regarded by the republics who went to Nicaragua's aid when she was dominated by the American is best expressed by the statue in Costa Rica, which depicts that republic as a young woman with her foot upon the neck of the great filibuster, for a filibuster he was, when all is told, that, and nothing more.

This statue, representing the debasement of their countryman, is hateful to all Americans, but it should be borne in mind that the Central Americans had abundant reason for the feeling they had for the man and have for his memory, for the dream of his life was their subjection.

Planned to Subjugate All.

He had planned, according to a confession made to one of his companions in arms, C. W. Doubleday, to subjugate not only Central America, but Mexico, and to bend them to his will. His temporary success was to demonstrate to the heirarchial oligarchy their necessity for his aid, by which he would in the end wield the temporal power over Central America and Mexico in unison with the policy and influence of the mother church. Then faction and church combined would conquer a unity of power over the Central America states, with himself, of course, as the central figure.

Once united, the old boundary question—were any necessary—would furnish pretexts for adding Mexico to the Central American empire. His motto was "Nothing succeeds like success," and his scheme included the re-establishment of slavery in a population, the majority of whom were of mixed African blood, and an affiliation with the church.

Of the death of this extraordinary man, Mr. Doubleday says:

"Gen. Walker met his death with the calm courage which had been an eminent characteristic of every act of his life. He was the bravest among brave men, and his freedom from vulgar, commonplace vices exalted him in life in the estimation of his adherents and friends." In conclusion, Mr. Doubleday quotes:

He was a brick and brave as a bear,
As brave as Nevada grizzlies are.

A dash of sadness in his air,
Born maybe of his overcare.
Speak ill who will of him, he died
In all disgrace.
I simply say he was my friend
When strong of hand and fair of fame;
Dead and disgraced, I stand the same
To him, and so shall to the end.

GLOBE TROTTERS ARE HOME

Big Ocean Vessels Crowded with Excursionists—The Ships that Pass Through the Mails.

The grand rush for home is on. The tens of thousands of Americans who have spent their vacations and millions of dollars abroad are racing back to this grand old country, that, after all, is dearest to each one of them. The big ocean greyhounds are bringing back the crowds as fast as they can make the trip back and forth. At New York and every other ocean port on the Atlantic coast, and at San Francisco on the Pacific, the eager home-comers, fresh from their extensive sight-seeing tours to the far ends of the earth, are pouring from the great mail steamers, thankful to be again in the land of the free and the home of the brave.

To one who has the opportunity to watch them an interesting study are these returning crowds. And an interesting study are those sturdy steam vessels that cross the seas with their precious cargoes of human freight, as well as with their multitudinous sacks of valuable mail.

There is another interesting study, too, in these ships that pass through the ocean mails. Tiny picture postage stamps that portray vessels of this and other lands and that do a valuable service in carrying the world's letters.

The ship postage stamps are numerous, and they have performed yeoman service. Among the most notable of stamp pictures of modern vessels are those on the Buffalo Exposition stamps of this country, the 1-cent showing a fast-going vessel on the Great Lakes and the 10-cent showing a brave ocean traveler. An early local stamp of this country showed a queer little sidewheel steamer that would be a curiosity nowadays.

American ship stamps include the very interesting Columbian series, with the picture of Columbus' vessels. There are almost innumerable stamps of other western hemisphere countries which portray the fleet and individual vessels of Columbus.

Among the prettiest of ship stamps that have come to this country in the foreign mails are those of lands under German domain—the Caroline Islands, the Cameroons, German China, German East and West Africa, New Guinea, Marianna Islands, Marshall Islands, Samoa, Kiautechou, Samoa, Toga, and others.

Cuba a few years ago issued a stamp which is still in active circulation, showing a large steamship indicative of the growing commerce of the island.

Stampdom is replete with stamps showing pictures of the vessels employed by famous explorers and discoverers in their voyage to unknown realms. The ships of Vasse da Gama, of Prince Henry the Navigator, of John Cabot, of Champlain, and of others are duly presented on various stamps.

There are many oddities among the vessels that are used in illustrating the world's postage series. One Chinese stamp shows the vessel known as the "junk." Another from the same land shows a dragon boat used in a great annual river festival in memory of a Chinese statesman and hero, Kuh Yuen.

The Colombian republic has a picture of its little war vessel, the Cartagena, while the Congo Free State has a peculiar stamp picture illustrating a queer "backwheeler" plying its dismal way up the Congo River.

Sailing vessels have always been especial favorites of the stamp engraver.

One of the oddest ship stamps is that of Malta, showing the wreck of a vessel. The scene depicts the Apostle Paul shipwrecked while sailing to Rome as a prisoner. The good man is shown standing on the beach, offering thanks for his deliverance from the fury of the elements, while in the distance is the hulk of the vessel from which he had been saved, with its humiliated spars high above the turbulent waves.

In the stamp picture gallery there is probably every type of boat that was ever invented, except the submarine and Noah's ark, neither of which seems to have appeared up to this time. In the class of smaller vessels there are rowboats that are propelled by poles, the latter type being shown on a stamp of the Congo Free State as a companion piece to the old backwheeler.

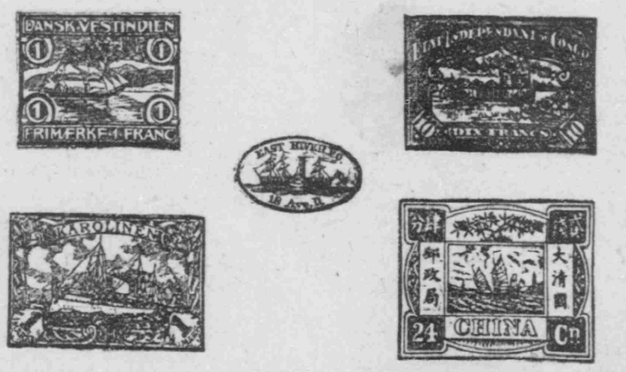
The vessels of Fulton and of Hudson are pictured on stamps of the issue gotten out by the United States when the Hudson-Fulton celebration was held a few months ago. On the same stamp it will be recalled that there was shown an Indian canoe.

All these types have an interest in connection with the return to America of the multitude of tourists who have been enjoying the summer abroad. They show in remarkable contrast the progress that has been made by men in navigating the seas, in annihilating distance, and accomplishing comfort afloat.

It is an impressive fact that the paths that are now followed by the gigantic and magnificently appointed ships of the present age were opened by the crude vessels of our forefathers, and that the safe passage of the oceans now was not guaranteed to the sturdy souls who went down to the sea in ships years ago. And these lessons are driven home with no greater force than through the stamp-ship pictures.

W. DWIGHT BURROUGHS.

SHIPS THAT PASS THROUGH THE MAILS.



His Discipline.

From the Chicago Record-Herald.

"Pop, you must take this child in hand. I have had about all that I can stand. She has no notion of minding me; it is time you took her across your knee."

"Send her to me," said Pop, with a frown. "It won't take me long to tone her down."

But how could he punish her, tell me, do, when she looked at him with her eyes of blue? Looked at him in the same glad way that her mother did in that far-off day when she was his sweetheart and he her beau. How could he strike her, I'd like to know?

But still he took her upon his knee and at once was lost in a reverie that carried him back to a shady street and a little maid whom he used to meet, a blue-eyed maiden whose counterpart now sat on his knee with a beating heart, waiting for him to forget those days and punish her for her willful ways.

Mom peeped in through the half-closed door. They were playing jacks on the parlor floor, playing jacks and quarreling, too, just as two children are apt to do. She frowned; it was more than half caress, "I will have to punish them both, I guess."

A Problem.

From Life.

Mrs. Hoyle—Covered with jewels, isn't she?

Mrs. Doyle—Yes, it is hard to tell, at first glance, whether she belongs to the mineral or animal kingdom.

CONSISTENCY WITH CHILDREN.

Mischief Should Not Be Laughed at One Day and Punished the Next.

One of the greatest faults in training our children is a lack of consistency. We make a great mistake in laughing at cunning baby pranks that will some day cease to be amusing, says the Los Angeles Herald. When the two-year-old baby feels herself misused and sulks in the corner, with a comical look of offended dignity on her face, it is laughable, but when the six-year-old girl screams in a passion because she cannot wear her new dress out to play in it is not so funny. And yet the principle, involved in both instances, is the same and the poor child is the sufferer.

Little William had been taught not to touch the piano and very seldom disobeyed, but one day he grew restless and, watching mother and Aunt Mary out of the corner of his eyes, went over to the piano and down comes the little fist on the shiny keys. He walked away with such a look of complete innocence that mother and auntie both laughed heartily, and auntie caught him up with a kiss and carried him out to see the kittens. But the next day, when mother and William called on the new minister's wife, the little boy soon discovered the piano and started to play. His mother spoke to him, but he paid no heed, so she rose and started to close the piano, but Master William objected and there were angry screams, and mother had to carry the little boy to her chair. And why not? Yesterday it had been a play; they had laughed at him then, so why not to-day? It was an injustice to his baby heart and he rebeled. If no attention had been paid to the baby when she sulked she would have soon tired of her lonesome corner and forgotten her grievance, and if William, in his restlessness, had been gently reminded of the piano being a forbidden thing and his attention directed to something else he probably would not have troubled the piano again. A good idea if the baby sulks is to leave the room immediately. With no attention a baby's offended dignity wears off and with no audience a screaming child will soon tire of its tantrum. But babies demand attention, and if we laugh at them for some little mischief one day they think they are cunning and will expect us to laugh at the same prank another day.

SWIMMING.

Caution for the Expert Waterman and the Careless Amateur.

In view of the many drowning accidents that occur every summer and, as often remarked, among the so-called expert swimmers, a discussion at this time of the cause and prevention of these fatalities is not unseasonable, says a writer in the New York Sun. A vast majority of the drowning casualties reported as due to cramps are in all probability the result rather of cardiac exhaustion. Nearly all experienced swimmers will agree with me that when you are in the water cramps are of comparatively infrequent occurrence, and when seized with a cramp, which is not generally serious, it is commonly in the calf of the leg, and the swimmer, by lying quietly upon the back, without undue alarm and stretching out the leg, may overcome this somewhat painful involuntary muscular contraction.

The exertion of swimming, however, is fully equal to the exertion of running with the additional tax upon the system in the former instance of a gradual lowering of the bodily temperature. A person who undertakes rapidly to run any considerable distance without previous training has the advantage over a swimmer in the same plight of not being in the water and thereby suffocated at the critical moment when overcome by exhaustion. It is one thing to know how to swim and quite another to be in a physical condition to do the swimming.

This is what many even experienced swimmers seem to forget when they boldly start out from the shore upon their first trial for the summer. If every person who knows how to swim will remember that each season, after many months of inactivity in that special direction, he must be cautious enough to work for several days gradually up to an effort of this nature there will be an end of much such needless loss of life. To be able to swim is of vital importance, and every child, both boy and girl, should be taught not only how to swim but how to do it with abiding discretion. It is the self possession which it gives in time of danger and the dexterity to assist the helpless and keep above water long enough to be rescued rather than endurance that counts.

When it comes to a long distance swim you must not only know how to perform the act, but be well prepared each time to endure the strain, else you will suffer possibly fatal consequences.

Finally, it is foolhardy in the extreme, under any circumstances, to attempt a long swim alone in deep water; and it is better to be accompanied by a boat than simply by a swimming companion.

LIVE THE IDEAL.

One Trouble Is that Man Devotes Too Much Thought to Material Things.

"Whatever the soul is taught to expect, that it will build."

Our heart longings, our soul aspirations, are something more than mere vaporings of the imagination, says Orison Swett Marden, in Success Magazine. They are prophecies, they are couriers, forerunners of things which might become realities. They are measures of our possibilities. They indicate the height of our aim, the range of our efficiency.

The sculptor knows that his ideal is not a mere fantasy of his imagination, but that it is a prophecy, a foreshadowing which will carve itself in "marble real."

When we begin to desire a thing, to yearn for it with all our hearts, we begin to establish relationship with it in proportion to the strength and persistency of our longing and intelligent effort to realize it.

The trouble with us is that we live too much in the material side of life, and not enough in the ideal. We should learn to live mentally in the ideal which we wish to make real. If we wish to keep young, for example, we should live in the mental state of youth; to be beautiful, we should live in a mental state of beauty.

The advantage of living in the ideal is that all imperfections, physical, mental, and moral, are eliminated. We cannot see old age because old age is incompleteness, decrepitude, and these qualities can not exist in the ideal.

In the ideal everything is youthful and beautiful; there is no suggestion of decay, of ugliness. The habit of living in the ideal, therefore helps us wonderfully because it gives a perpetual pattern of the perfection for which we are striving. Living much in the ideal increases hope and faith in our ultimate perfection and divinity, because in our vision we see glimpses of the reality which we instinctively feel must some time, somewhere, be ours. The ideal is not a mere fantasy of the imagination; it is a foretelling of what should come true.

Origin of Confetti.

The history of confetti is rather curious. Several years ago a large printing works in Paris was turning out immense quantities of celandars, through which a small round hole had been punched to receive an eyelet for holding the sheets together. A heap of the little circular scraps of paper cut out by the punch accumulated on a table, and one of the machine men amused himself by scattering a handful of them over a working girl's hair. She immediately snatched up a handful and threw them in his face. Other girls followed her example, and the first confetti battle began. The head of the establishment came in when it was at its height, and being what the Americans call a "smart man," he at once realized that there was "money in it." He ordered special machinery, placed large quantities of the new article on the market, made a fortune, and created a new industry.

Enthusiasm.

From Punch.

Anxious Messenger — Say, fireman, there's another fire broken out up the street.

New Recruit—All right, old chap; keep her going till we've finished this one.

FAMOUS SONGS AND THEIR HISTORY

No. 60.

"Auld Robin Gray."

—LADY ANNE BARNARD.

When the sheep are in the fauld, when the kye's a' at hame,
And a' the weary warld to rest are gane,
The woes o' my heart fa' in showers frae my e'e,
Unkent by my gude man, who sleeps sound by me.

Young Jamie lo'ed me weel, and sought me for his bride,
But saving a crown he had naething else beside;
To make the crown a pound my Jamie gaed to sea,
And the crown and the pound—they were baith for me.

He hadno been gane a twelvemonth and a day
When my father brake his arm, and the cow was stown away;
My mother she fell sick—my Jamie was at sea—
And auld Robin Gray came a-courting me.

My father couldna work, my mother couldna spin,
I toiled day and night, but their bread I couldna win;
Auld Rob maintained them baith, and wi' tears in his e'e,
Said, "Jeanie, for their sakes, will ye no marry me?"

My heart it said na, and I looked for Jamie back,
But hard blew the winds, and his ship was a-wrack;
His ship was a-wrack—why didna Jamie dee?
Or why am I spared to cry, "Wae is me?"

My father urged me, sair—my mother didna speak,
But she look't in my face till my heart was like to break;
They gied him my hand—my heart was in the sea—
And so Robin Gray he was gudeman to me.

I hadna been his wife a week but only four,
When mournfu' as I sat on the stane at my door,
I saw my Jamie's ghaist, for I couldna think it he,
Till he said, "I'm come hame, love, to marry thee."

O! sair did we greet, and mickle say o' a',
I gied him ae kiss and bade him gang awa'.
I wish that I were dead, but I'm no like to dee,
For tho' my heart is brok'n, I'm young—wae's me!

I gang like a ghaist, and I carena to spin,
I darena think on Jamie, for that would be a sin;
But I'll do my best a gude wife to be,
For O! Robin Gray he is kind to me.

The author of the pretty Scotch ballad of "Auld Robin Gray" was Lady Anne Barnard, or better, the little Scotch lassie, Anne Lindsay, who later married Andrew Barnard, the son of Thomas Barnard, the bishop of Limerick. It was written when Anne was only twenty-one years old, in 1772, published anonymously in 1776, but it was not published with the name of the author until 1825, when a limited number of quarto volumes, containing the original ballad, with two continuations from the same hand, an introduction by Sir Walter Scott, and a letter from Lady Anne acknowledging the authorship, were printed for exclusive circulation among the members of the Bannatyne Club. This was just after the lady's death.

In the meantime, however, the song had been extensively circulated in Scotland and elsewhere, and had excited wide attention. A learned controversy was waged as to whether it belonged to the sixteenth or the eighteenth century, and a reward of twenty guineas was publicly offered to any one who would settle the point beyond question.

Lady Anne kept her own counsel and never acknowledged the authorship to any one outside of her family till three years before her death. Then, seeing the poem attributed to herself in The Pirate, she wrote to Sir Walter Scott, congratulating him on his discernment.

In a later letter, dated July, 1823, the letter which Sir Walter included in his introduction, she gave the following account of the origin of the ballad:

"'Robin Gray,' so called from its being the name of the old herd at Balcarras, was born soon after the close of the year 1771. My sister, Margaret, had married, and accompanied her husband to London. I was melancholy, and endeavored to amuse myself by attempting a few poetical trifles. There was an ancient Scotch melody of which I was passionately fond. There lived near us a woman named Sophy Johnstone, who used to sing it to us at Balcarras. She did not object to its having improper words, though I did. I longed to sing old Sophy's air to different words, and give its plaintive tones some little history of virtuous distress in humble life, such as might suit it.

"While attempting to affect this in my closet I called to my little sister, now Lady Hardwick, who was the only person near me: 'I have been writing a ballad, my dear; I am oppressing my heroine with many misfortunes. I have already sent her Jamie to sea, and broken her father's arm, and made her mother fall sick, and given her Auld Robin Gray for her lover; but I wish to load her with a fifth sorrow within the four lines, poor thing! Help me to one.'

"'Steal the cow, sister Anne,' said the little Elizabeth. The cow was immediately 'lifted' by me, and the song was completed.

"At our fireside and among our neighbors 'Auld Robin Gray' was always called for. I was pleased in secret with the approbation it met with, but such was my dread of being suspected of writing anything, perceiving the shyness it created in those who could write nothing, that I carefully kept my own secret."

Among the many criticisms Lady Barnard heard upon the song was one by the Laird of Dalziel, who indignantly exclaimed: "O the villain! O the auld rascal! I ken who stealt the poor lassie's coo—it was Auld Robin Gray himself!"

"I thought it a bright idea," says Lady Anne, "and treasured it up for a future occasion." When, therefore, some years later, her mother said to her, "Anny, I wish you would tell me how that unlucky business of Jennie and Jamie ended," she produced a continuation.

No one has ever questioned Lady Anne Barnard's claim to the authorship of the words of "Auld Robin Gray;" yet it is necessary to mention that prior not only to the appearance but to the writing of this world-famous song, there was a French ballad extant containing the gist of the story and the plot by the poet De Moncrit.

"Auld Robin Gray" belongs to that wide and homely class of songs of which "John Anderson, My Jo," and the "Land o' the Leal" are types. They are emphatically those songs of the people which old Fletcher of Saltoun exalts—songs beloved of the common people whom Abraham Lincoln said the good Lord must have loved or he would not have created so many of them.

Lady Anne Barnard was the eldest daughter of James Lindsay, fifth Earl of Balcarras, by his wife, Anne, and was born on December 8, 1750. Her youth was mainly spent at her home in Fifeshire, with occasional winter flights to Edinburgh. She early gained admission into the social circle within which moved Hume and Henry Mackenzie, Lord Monboddo, and other celebrities.

When Dr. Johnson visited Edinburgh in 1773 she was introduced to him. Later she and her sister—Lady Margaret, the widow of Alexander Fordyce—resided in London. Her nephew, Col. Lindsay, of Balcarras, states that she had frequently been sought in marriage, but that it was not until Andrew Barnard addressed her that she changed her resolution of living a maiden life. She was married in 1793.

They lived, after they were married, at the Cape of Good Hope, where her husband died in 1807, and Lady Anne returned to London. There she lived with her sister, their home being a literary center. Burke and Sheridan, Windham and Dundas, and the Prince of Wales were among their habitual visitors. Lady Anne Barnard died on May 6, 1825, in her seventy-fourth year.

DANGER PLACES IN A STORM

From T. P.'s Weekly.

What is the safest place in a thunderstorm? As a rule the safest place of all is inside a building which is provided with a perfect lightning conductor. The conductor, however, must have no defects. If it be broken or have a faulty earth connection it is then a source of grave danger.

In an ordinary dwelling house unguarded as it usually is against lightning, a place safe is in the middle of the largest room, where one is away from the walls, or a still safer precaution is to lie on an iron bed drawn out from contact with the wall.

The most dangerous places in the house, we are further told, are near the bell wires, or an open window, or the fireplace. Outside the house the places of danger are proximity to walls and buildings and iron fences. Another danger is a crowd. The vapor which rises from a crowd tends to lead a flash toward the crowd. In the open country one of the most dangerous places is the bank of a river. Avenues of trees, lakes, and hedges are likewise dangerous.

If any one doubts the danger of a hawthorn hedge let him take his stand at a safe distance during a respectable storm and watch the effect. The lightning will dart along the hedge like sheets of fire. If the observer gets wet to the skin, so much the better for his safety.